

SHE MAY RECOVER.

A Slight Change for the Better in May Barrowcliff's Condition.

Police Seek in Vain for a Clue to Her Assailant.

Unless She Can Speak He May Never Be Known.

May Barrowcliff, the young music teacher who was found unconscious in a vacant lot of Marion on the outskirts of Jersey City, on Saturday, having been brutally beaten as well as criminally assaulted, is still lying in a private room of the Jersey City Hospital. The hope which sprang into existence early yesterday morning when she was able to answer one or two questions that she would yet recover and tell the full story of the assault, as well as the identity of the criminal, has not yet been realized. She is still unconscious, and the physicians who are in attendance say the chances are about even on the result.



MRS. BARROWCLIFF.

There was just the least perceptible change for the better in her condition this morning from that reported late last night. Her sleep was of the uneasy order, and she started up occasionally during the night and seemed to be going all over that fearful struggle again and again. Nothing intelligible escaped her lips. Whenever they opened at all it was to moan pitifully.

"It is impossible to say whether or not she will recover," said House Surgeon Law this morning. "Even if she does it may be several days before she can talk rationally. The recovery of her speech will be so slow that even a week may elapse before she can tell the whole story—that is if she ever tells it at all. She has a strong constitution, and that is the only thing that may help her through."

Dr. Law added that, even if Miss Barrowcliff did recover, it was almost certain that she would lose the sight of her left eye on account of the many bruises in its vicinity.

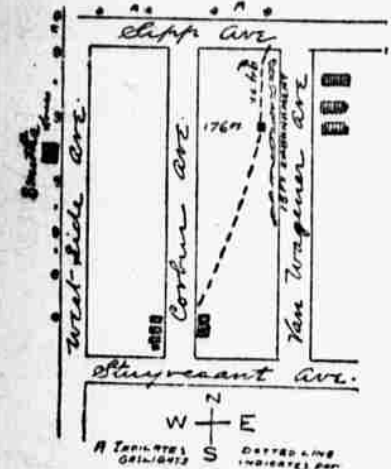
Seven police officers—three from Police Headquarters and four from Capt. Lange's Seventh Precinct Station—were hard at work on the case, but those who were seen this morning admitted that they were groping in the dark and were far away from the solution of the mystery than on the night of the discovery.

Capt. Smith is directing the efforts of the other officers in his absence. Capt. Lange takes his place.

They were willing to advance all kinds of theories yesterday, but they have none at all. They are simply hoping against hope that the victim may recover and furnish the clue to the mystery, or that the already long list of Jersey mysteries, the police even went so far to-day as to deny that they ever had a theory at all.

"We do not propose to say anything until we have something tangible, and we never said anything otherwise."

That was the way Chief of Police Murphy greeted "The Evening World" reporter this morning. Then, when asked if the finding of the victim's pocket-book had furnished any clue, the Chief seemed confused.



MAP OF THE PLACE WHERE MISS BARROWCLIFF WAS ASSAULTED.

The dotted line shows the path she may have taken, and the heavy spot in that line shows where she was found.

"Why, that's the first I heard of the pocket-book story," he said. "I must see about it." Then he went to the telephone and called up the Seventh Precinct. In a few minutes he came out to the reporter and said:

"Yes, I guess that is true. The Seventh Precinct of the Seventh tells me he has found the story of the find, and the boy of the men this morning were told to investigate it. They have not reported back yet."

"Anyhow," he went on, "I don't take much stock in that. The pocket-book, I believe, was found nearly an eighth of a mile from the place where the woman was found. Here is a capital sketch in the 'Morning World' which shows the lay of the ground. Now, I am satisfied the woman was not dragged to the place from any distance. I am satisfied the assault took place right where she was found."

"I have been all over the place. The girl went over the road hundreds of times. She is nearly four feet of the way. It was a short cut to the place she was found, and the man who assaulted her met her at the place. The 'Morning World' artist so carefully sketched, and then the assault was committed. I do think that the girl was not a stranger to the locality committed the assault."

The discovery of the pocket-book supports the theory that the robbery was only a blind to the more serious crime, and that the criminal is still in the vicinity. Although the police searched diligently on Saturday night they could not find it, yet it is said to have been afterwards picked up empty by a boy on West Side Avenue about 50 feet away from where the girl was found.

It had evidently been placed there after the police had gone away. Up to noon the police had not located the boy who said he had found the pocket-book.

When asked if he still held the opinion that the girl was attacked by an acquaintance—perhaps a lover, as had been suggested—the Chief positively working on that clue—the Chief positively declined to answer.

There was a hitch this morning in the police investigation, and no one seems to know what caused it.

Miss Dexter, who roomed with the victim of the assault, at 79 Grand street, and who knew all about her habits and mode of life, as well as all the girl's acquaintances, was at Police Headquarters yesterday, and made an appointment to meet Capt. Smith at 10 o'clock this morning. With a couple of friends, she was on hand at the hour named, but Capt. Smith did not materialize, and it was stated he would not be on hand until late in the afternoon. Neither were any of the detectives who are at work on the case to be seen.

Miss Dexter seemed nervous and worried. Finally, she was taken into an ante-room of Chief Murphy, and, after a short conversation behind closed doors, she sent her under escort to the Seventh Precinct station to consult with Capt. Lange.

Even that official was not on hand, but afterwards the girl saw him and conversed with him for over an hour. She also visited the hospital, but, of course, the victim failed to recognize her. Capt. Lange cautioned her against talking and he declined to make known the substance of her disclosures, if any.

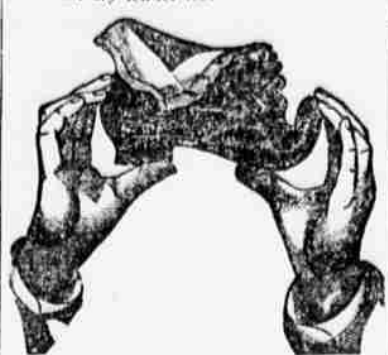
The police practically took a census of the population of Marion this morning, and were half disappointed on discovering that no one was missing. They were in hopes that the individual who committed the assault, had been a resident of the place, might have fled in fear. If he was a resident of Marion he is there yet, evidently believing that it is the safest place.

About a hundred different theories have been started regarding the assault, and every one who visits the scene forms a new idea of his own. So it will go on, but not one of them is of the slightest consequence, nor will they amount to anything if the girl does not recover consciousness. There was a lot of talk early this morning that Mrs. Smith would be arrested, although for what reason was not apparent. It was in Mrs. Smith's house that the girl was last seen.

She left there after opening her pocket-book and showing \$50. She was then going to visit her rooming place, Mrs. Dexter, who was waiting for her at 21 1/2 Grand street. It was while on the way that she was seized, brutally beaten and robbed.

Chief of Police Murphy denied that there was any disposition to arrest Mrs. Smith, as she had nothing whatever to do with the case. He could not understand how any one could be silly enough to start such a story.

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ASSAULTED A BOY.

Michael Donovan Charged with Abusing Charlie Mann.

Michael Donovan, twenty-four years old, of One Hundred and Eleventh street and Ninth avenue, was held in \$100 bail by Justice Simms, in the Harlem Court, this morning for assaulting Charlie, the four-year-old son of James Mann, a colored man, of 254 East One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. The boy was playing in front of his home, and even when he was crying, about seven o'clock, he seized Charlie and without warning shook him violently and threw him on the ground.

Mrs. Mann, the boy's mother, who was looking for the child, screamed and called to her husband. Donovan dropped the boy and started to run. When he saw Mr. Mann following him, he turned upon his pursuer and assaulted him. Drawing a whiskey bottle from his pocket he struck Mann on the head, making several wounds, and wound the Twenty-ninth street station, happened along at that time and arrested Donovan.

INVESTIGATING HOWLAND'S FATE

Police Are Looking for the Man Who Sent Him a Telegram.

The police of New York and Boston have so far failed to find any trace of A. H. Howland, who was supposed to have jumped aboard from the steamer Pitt-Finn, after the fatal collision with the city, as printed exclusively in "The Evening World" last Saturday night.

Inspector McLaughlin has detailed three of his best men to unravel the mystery.

The police have ascertained that Mr. Howland received a telegram in Boston Friday afternoon to come to New York, and they are looking for the man who sent the telegram. At first the supposition was that the man was a criminal, but since the information of the New York telegram has been received by the police there are fears of foul play.



"On or off the line, we're with the majority—'stuck on Pearlline!' And they're right—you will observe that their heads are level. Millions of women sing the same song as the clothespins. They may express it differently, but they mean the same thing. They mean that their work is easy and sooner done—and better done. No clothes worn out with the endless rub, rub, rub on the washboard. No backs tired out with it, either. These millions of women mean that they're using Pearlline, saving labor, time, and money with it, and have proved it to be perfectly harmless. Now, what do you mean? Do you mean to try to do without it?"

Beware of Imitations. 332 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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Also The New Swivel Silks, all at moderate prices.

Bloomingdale Bros., Third Ave., 59th & 60th Sts.

ON TUESDAY we place on sale our entire Stock of Tea Gowns at new prices. Scores upon scores of beautiful Gowns—no two exactly alike.

The old prices were \$10.00 to \$40.00.

The new prices are \$3.98 to \$19.50.

One of our large windows on 59th st. has been filled with samples of the styles; they speak for themselves. The old and new prices are there side by side; they speak for themselves also.

SEE THE WINDOWS—The woman who does that cannot remain away from the sale. REMEMBER—Only one of a style. First choice is best. Sale begins on Tuesday morning.

Reduced Prices ON ACCOUNT OF INVENTORY.

\$1.00 will buy \$1.50 worth of Stationery.

\$1.00 will buy \$1.75 worth of Leather Goods.

\$1.00 will buy \$2.00 worth of Umbrellas.

\$1.00 will buy \$2.25 worth of Books.

\$1.00 will buy \$2.50 worth of Furs.

\$1.00 will buy \$2.75 worth of Jewelry.

\$1.00 will buy \$3.00 worth of Fancy Goods.

And so it goes. We make a determined effort to close out stocks. The person who has waited for the After Holiday Reductions will find them here, beginning on Tuesday morning.

SHOT AT TWO BOYS. WARRANTS FOR TWO.

Policeman Milmar Runs Amuck on a Brooklyn Street.

Captured One Youth and Clubbed Him with His Pistol.

Escaped from the Dormitory After Being Ordered to Bed.

LONG ISLAND CITY, Jan. 1.—The policeman Martin Milmar, of the Twentieth Precinct, was held in the local court, today, on a charge of assault. Two citizens, Messrs. Steele and Marlin, went to the Twentieth Precinct Station-house last night and complained that a policeman had visited their homes and expressed his intention of making a New Year's card.

They did not know who he was, but Capt. Kitzer sent for the man on beat, who turned out to be Milmar, and finding that he had been drinking took away his shield, suspended him from duty and ordered him to bed.

Milmar went upstairs, but not to sleep. The dormitories in the Twentieth Precinct Station are on the second floor, some distance above the ground, but he went out by the window, jumped to the ground, and in that way reached the ground.

He was next heard of on Pulaski street shortly after midnight. Henry Hollinger, who lives at No. 274, and another boy, attending a watch meeting.

Suddenly Milmar appeared behind them with a big revolver in his hand and ordered them to halt or he would blow their brains out.

The children youngsters ran, but Milmar kept close behind them, and fired five shots, none of which did any damage.

Finally the policeman caught Hollinger by the neck and struck him across the back of the head with his fist. Then, the boy says, Milmar turned the revolver at him and pulled the trigger, but it happened that all the cartridges had been discharged.

Policeman J. F. Collins, of the Thirtieth Precinct, appeared at this moment and arrested Milmar. He says the policeman was not intoxicated, although he had been drinking, and he believes with the man's friends that he was temporarily insane.

DEATH IN ONE BLOW.

Charles Simon to Answer for the Killing of Schleichlin.

Charles Simon, who was arrested last night, charged with killing Philip Schleichlin, on West Forty-fourth street, was arraigned this morning on a charge of homicide before Justice Voorhis in the Yorkville Police Court.

He pleaded not guilty, and was held without bail for examination, which was set down for to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Simon is a harness-maker, and lives at 26 West Forty-fifth street. He and the dead man were, until last night, boon companions.

They had been seeing the old year out by visiting the stores and treating to drinks. When they were in William O'Brien's saloon, corner of Tenth avenue and Forty-fourth street, a dispute arose as to who should pay for a round of drinks. Simon finally did so under protest, and the men left the saloon. Once outside, the dispute was renewed, and they walked towards Schleichlin's home.

When next door to it, Simon suddenly turned and struck his companion a stinging blow in the face. Schleichlin fell and his head hit the curb.

Joseph O'Neill, of 524 West Thirty-sixth street, made an affidavit that he saw the blow struck. He says that he witnessed the police have been able to find.

Schleichlin lived at 56 West Forty-fourth street, with his wife and seven children.

SAYS HE WAS SHOT.

Man Found Dying on a Railroad Bridge at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 1.—Max Zornier, aged twenty-three years, was found lying on the Fort Wayne Railroad Bridge last night with a bullet-hole in his head. He was conscious, and said that he had been shot by a highwayman and robbed of \$20.

The bridge watchman says no one was near Zornier when the shot was fired, and he thinks it was an attempt at suicide.

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ON ANY NEWS-STAND.

ASSAULTED THE KEEPERS.

John Gorevan Attacked Officers of Jefferson Market Prison.

He Had Been Sentenced to Three Months on the Island.

John Gorevan, a graduate of the Elmira Reformatory, created some excitement in Jefferson Market Prison this morning by assaulting Warden Ledwith and Keeper Matthew Sheridan when they attempted to lead him away to a cell.

Gorevan had been arrested on the complaint of John Barry, of 29 Bleecker street, who charged him with maliciously breaking into his house and turning out to be a family difficulty. Gorevan had been out walking with Barry's pretty daughter, Mary, and when he took her home he proceeded to kick in the door.

Justice McMahon sent Gorevan to the island for three months.

When Policeman Malcolm, of the Charles street station, told Gorevan to get into the prison he refused, and Sheridan took him by the arm. Gorevan turned and struck Sheridan in the forehead. Then he turned his attention to Warden Ledwith and tried to bite the Warden's hand.

With a lively tussle for three minutes, but finally with Malcolm's assistance, Gorevan was subdued.

He was taken back to court, and Justice McMahon held him for trial on the assault charge.

SHOT BY HIS DIVORCED WIFE.

Chicago Man Makes a New Year's Call and Is Fatally Wounded.

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Daniel Healy called on his divorced wife yesterday to wish her a happy New Year. She ordered him from the house and he refused to go. Then Mrs. Healy took the lion of the stove and tried to smoke Healy out. He stood it better than she, however, and Mrs. Healy was compelled to leave. She sent Thomas Scully to eject Healy, and Scully was assaulted with a paper.

Healy then left the house, but returned again. When he demanded admittance Mrs. Healy fired at him with a revolver. The bullet struck Healy in the groin, inflicting a probably fatal wound. The woman was arrested.

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